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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Editorial.

WE can not refrain from calling the ention of UNITY'S readers to the icles in the June and July *Century* the World's Fair. They are the t attempt to explain the artistic aning and value of the architecture hose wonderful buildings from the hitect's standpoint, and are both eresting and valuable.

THE most interesting article in *ribner's* for July is that on Chicago's or. The writer reaches the same nclusion which workers among the or in other large cities have reached. is not money so much as wisdom nich the wretched lack. Want of oney is not the root of all evil. here are crime and suffering in our y but they are not the result of verty, for helpless poverty is hardly be found here.

NEW YORK has put itself in line th Boston, Philadelphia, Milwaue, St. Louis, Des Moines and other ies in the recent vote of the school ard to incorporate the Kindergarn in its regular school system. his will rejoice the lovers of liberal ucation everywhere, and should rve as one more example to urge hicago no longer to procrastinate in r duty in this direction. Some of e best kindergarten instructors in e country are residents of our city, ving all their time and strength to this work. It is to be hoped they will not have to wait much longer, nor the thousands of children to be benefited, to see their teachings embodied in the public school system.

EVERY religious newspaper should help circulate the word of Bishop Doane in a recent review on The Political Duties of Preachers: "It is a noble word, degraded sadly, this word *politics;* it has in it the thought of the old pride for Jerusalem, for Rome, for Athens, even for Tarsus, which has not only adorned the great cities of the world, but has made the great citizens. It goes higher even than that, as it involves St. Augustine's splendid plea for the Civitas Dei, and reminds us that the church of God on earth is type and threshold of the golden-streeted city, the heavenly Jerusalem. Dragged in the mire of to-day, by the selfishness of men and the unscrupulousness of parties, there is a high and holy element in political matters, about which the clergy have grave duties to discharge?

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW took part in the discussion on the admission of women to the Harvard Divinity School at the recent alumni meeting, and is reported as saying it was not a question of whether woman should preach, or not, since women were already preaching: "I confess that, as an alumnus of this school, I am grieved and ashamed that its doors should be closed to earnest and intelligent women desiring to fit themselves for this high service. I am grieved and ashamed that they should be turned away and bidden to go to Meadville, which, with all its merits and all the devotion of its teachers, is certainly not so well equipped; that they should even be sent across the ocean to that school recently opened in Oxford, where already two American women have entered the open doors. Meadville and Manchester New College rise up in judgment against Harvard Divinity School. Do you like that? Put yourself in the place of these women. Would you think it right that you should be denied the privilege you seek and need?

REV. THEODORE CUYLER has found a new term of religious classification. Besides the thoroughly converted Christian and the hopelessly unconverted skeptic or indifferent, is another type which he calls the "almost Christian." These come in for less severe condemnation than the absolute sinner, but their case has some very hopeless aspects in Dr. Cuyler's eyes. He commends the "almost Christian" for his good deeds and the general uprightness of his behavior. "Your religion," he says, "is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough to save your soul." Only the old-fashioned methods of soul-saving are relied on here, no easy modern methods are allowed, if the modern methods are the easiest, which we greatly doubt. An "almost Christian," the Rev. Dr. explains "may be an utterly lost sinner in the other world." If this is true it is perhaps another illustration of the law of compensation, which makes the almost Christian, the merely moral man, of such exceeding worth and help in this world. It is only fair he should have a chance of usefulness somewhere.

A WRITER on "Ingersollism" in one of our Universalist exchanges pronounces as confidently as blindly upon the outcome of the present day's discussion on the Bible and other religious topics: "The Bible is coming out of all this controversy cleaner, stronger, purer, sweeter, grander than ever." Yes, but how and why? The reasoning mind of to-day demands something more than pleasing generalities like this; it is interested in methods of thought no less than results, for it is methods which impart nearly all the moral quality to an idea or conviction. The Bible will come out of this modern discussion uninjured, we too believe, though greatly injured in the old claims that have been made with regard to it, not only the claims of its infallibility, but of its absolutely moral character; uninjured, but marvelously changed, reduced from the high but false standard it held as dogma to the lower but infinitely safer level of literature. Our semi-orthodox friends should be a little more explicit.

THE *Christian Union* is one of the stanchest advocates of a broad and universal religion, up to its light, that we know. Scarcely a week passes that it has not some brave, true word to utter against sectarianism and dogmatism in religion. In a late number it says, [illegible] joining the *Interior's* protest against the multiplication of churches in small towns, elsewhere mentioned, "Let sectarians pay for their own sectarianism. Let Christians unite to proclaim and promote Christianity." The suspicion that this kind of emphasis put on the word Christian may itself lead to a sectarianism, quite as marked and injurious as any that fosters the claims of the different sects of Christendom, has evidently not yet disturbed our contemporary; yet destiny will prove as irresistible here as elsewhere. The war once begun against sectarianism, as manifest in the pushing claims of Methodists, Presbyterians, Universalists and Unitarians over against each other, will not stop until the same claim is abandoned for the different religions, and Christianity is seen to be no more inclusive a name with which to describe the religious sentiment and instinct in man, than Buddhism or Moslemism.

UNITY'S date this week falls on the one hundredth anniversary of Shelley's birthday. The *Atlantic* celebrates the occasion with a beautiful poem from Edmund Clarence Stedman, and a short series of articles on the "Prometheus Unbound," running through the same magazine, also offers high testimony in the same direction. Shelley's early death, the latter writer, Vida D. Scudder, tells us, seems "the inevitable conclusion of a life whose work it was to render for us the eager thought, the ardent faith of adolescence. The sober and practical temper of middle life, the meditative calm of age were never to touch his buoyant spirit." This, we suspect, describes the relation which the writer of "Endymion" bears to most of his admirers. He is emphatically the poet of youth, with its dreams, its soul longings, its daring faith and courage; and this is higher praise than at first it seems, since youth is the formative time, and only the youthful mind of highest and purest type can be attracted to Shelley. Mr. Stedman's verse expresses his own deep obligations for this early help and inspiration:

> Afloat on tropic waves, I yield once more
> In age that heart of youth unto thy spell.

He also pronounces him the "poet's poet." Shelley possessed the true immortal fire, and all who have come after have tried to catch a Promethean spark from him. It is interesting to note how increasingly kind and tender grows the accent of public praise towards this poet once so maligned and misunderstood. The "boy divine," Stedman names him, "the incarnate child of song," "Nature's prodigal."

> The slaves of air and light obeyed afar
> Thy summons, Ariel; their elf-horns wound
> Strange notes which all uncapturable are
> Of broken sound.
> That music thou alone couldst rightly hear
> (O rare impressionist!)
> And mimic. Therefore still we list
> To its ethereal fall in this thy cyclic year.

A WRITER in the *New World*, S. D. McConnell, aiming to show that the next step in Christianity will be in the same direction away from the religion of dogma towards a religion of conduct, which all past progress has led up to, finds one strong proof of this in the increasing popular interest in the life and teachings of Jesus; but we think it rather strange that he should seek proof of this last proposition in the enormous sale of a book like Ben Hur. The popularity of that book, we agree with Mr. Chadwick, in a late review that appeared in these columns, has little to do with any theological lessons it conveys, or with any interest it awakens in the average reader's mind in the character of Jesus. Its popularity is derived from the small boy and other readers whose literary judgment is on about the same level. We recently asked one of these juvenile admirers of the work, engaged in about the hundredth perusal of its absorbing and fascinating contents, what it was that he liked so well in it; and the reply came promptly, "The chariot race," and this, we suspect, is as good a reason as any older reader can give for liking the book.

Mr. Salter's New Book.

A new book by Mr. Salter is sure to attract attention among a large and intelligent class of minds whom it is an honor to be able to interest. Mr. Kerr will soon issue such a book from this office, bearing the title, "First Steps in Philosophy," advance sheets of which are before us.

The work seems intended as a guide to the student of modern philosophy, both as to its substance and the correct use of terms, as well as to its relation to the practical issues of life. It is divided into two parts Physical and Ethical. Its style is clear, direct and eloquent. Mr. Salter has an exceptional gift among writers on this class of subjects, and speaks with a fresh, natural utterance on themes that are usually loaded down with the cant expressions of the class-room, those stock phrases of metaphysical discourse intended only for the edification of the very learned. As to the subject-matter of the

work before us, the position of our Ethical friends is well understood. It has been reserved for them—and the privilege is a high one—to demonstrate the use of a purely idealistic philosophy, as a basis of a system of thought and practical effort which divorces itself completely from all theological implications, all religious implications, even, as that term is generally used. Whatever be the outcome of the Ethical Culture movement, whether it prove one of the finalities, or but a passing phase of present-day thought and experiment, its high instructive worth will always lie in this, that it has raised the word Ethics to the rank and sanctity of the highest religious idea. Basing itself unreservedly on an ideal philosophy, it heroically disclaims all the usual rewards of such a position, as found in those inductions of spiritual belief, God, soul and immortality; counting such pleasing beliefs as only partial and incidental — generally wrongly-derived—helps to action, which often serve as hindrances instead; and planting itself squarely upon the present necessities of man. Modern thought has revealed no more heroic mental attitude than this; and from this ideal philosophy, so originally applied, springs the intellectual strength and dignity, the spiritual sweetness, for such it is, which marks this movement. Admitting all this with the greatest heartiness, we have to go a step farther and say that right here, in this mixture of an idealistic and agnostic philosophy — idealistic in its primal conception of the moral universe and man's relation to it, agnostic in all that it has to say of the outcome of that universe—we have always felt lay the logical weakness of Ethical Culture. Reading Mr. Salter's book we have felt some of our old certainty on this point diminish, perhaps because it is not the book's mission to discuss this point, perhaps because the author makes such a clear and admirable statement of his real purpose and desire. Anyway, it is time to turn to the book itself.

Though evidently intended, as the title explains, as a guide to the young and uninstructed, it is not at all elementary in its character, at least not to that extent that the oldest and best informed student may not find much to interest and profit by. Mr. Salter proves a most persuasive leader here, especially in the summary to the first part, where we have a series of philosophical definitions, so succinct and comprehensive that the mere reading is a pleasure. Nothing can be better than Mr. Salter's explanation of that proposition that falls so glibly and unthinkingly from our tongues about the indestructibility of matter. This does not mean, we are here told, that "there is a brute datum existing outside us—a kind of material deity" which survives all its own manifestations. "The indestructibility of matter is really a statement of the constancy of sensations." The writer is engaged here in his old battle against Materialism, a system of thought which can be finally stated, he tells us with a satire which is equally good whether it be unconscious or intentional, "only in terms of idealism." Before this, he says, "Materialism is not so much an untrue as an approximate way of thinking," a sentence which deserves praise for its moderateness, the wish it evinces to be perfectly just, as well as for its excellent statement of a fact. Having spoken of the insistance with which our Ethical friends hold to idealism, it is but fair to bear in mind their own definitions. Some of Mr. Salter's claims in this direction are very modest. Idealism "in no wise affects any truth of science," since for all that it can prove Empiricism may offer as correct a theory of the universe as any other. The term rather defines a method: "It simply holds that all truths of science are truths of mental experience,"—showing us how "mind is made essential to the system of things."

The chapters on "Intuitionism" and "Utilitarianism" are of especial interest. One of the inevitable results of that mixture of opposing principles which forms the basis of this particular system, is the hostile attitude it reveals towards the Utilitarian theory in morals. But Mr. Salter speaks kindly and discriminatingly on this part of his subject. In a footnote appended to the first lines of this chapter he tells us that if the term Utilitarianism could be dissociated from its historical connections, by which we take it he means the rankly selfish and gross conclusions of Bentham, and the cold, insufficient reasoning of Mill, he would not hesitate to give it at least partial acceptance. These are hindrances which many others have felt. It must be admitted that no theory ever suffered more from the careless and inadequate representations of its friends, as well as from the bitter and malicious misrepresentations of its enemies, than this one. By tacit consent the term Utilitarianism is about dropped from philosophical discussion in favor of the two supplied by Mr. Spencer, Egoism and Altruism. The actor on the moral field is prompted always by the double consciousness, and two sets of motives defined in these words; and the line of demarcation is hard to detect at times, even by the most sharp-sighted. Mr. Salter is right when he says that "Utilitarianism contains an element of arbitrariness or irrationality," though we can not but feel that this is due to faults in its friends above mentioned or to the unjust prejudices of its opponents, more than to inherent causes. All depends upon our conception of terms, but this is not the place for a discussion of the main question. As before said, Mr. Salter treats this portion of his subject sympathetically, and he has given us a valuable contribution to the general discussion.

The book is able and helpful throughout, and we regret this notice should not have fallen to more competent hands, but the publisher's wish to call the attention of UNITY readers to it as soon as possible, and the exigencies of vacation must be the excuse for this hurried word.

C. P. W.

Vox Populi.

Can we keep the proverb that "the voice of the people is the voice of God"? It seems hardly so clear as a divine voice should be. In this election season, "the people" are divided into several parties, each of which hears the voice of Satan in all the others—if we are to judge by the campaign utterances Most Americans seem disposed to narrow the proverb, and to say, not the voice of the people, but "the voice of our party is the voice of God." Before the nomination, even each party is still further divided into factions, neither of which hears any divine voice in the wish of the other. Still more untrue does the proverb seem when applied to the classes which make the mass of the people. Voltaire, alluding to the treatment of Concini, spoke of them as "the populace, always extreme, always barbarous when their bridle is relaxed;"—and so they have remained, from those August and autumn massacres in his France a hundred years ago this fall, to the scenes the other day in Homestead, where even women became thugs and seemed inspired by demons rather than by Deity.

Indeed history is largely an illustration of the fallibility of popular judgment. The people are poor judges in intellectual matters. Thomas Fuller said learning had gained most from those books by which the printer had lost; and Wilson said: "The Westmoreland peasants think Wordsworth a fool; in Borrowdale, Southey is not known to exist, and the whole city of Glasgow think me a madman; so much for the voice of the people being the voice of God." The people are not always any more infallible in moral questions. An American said to Baron de Hubner: "These very men who deafen you with their cheers to-day, are capable of throwing mud and stones at you to-morrow;" and it is said that Cromwell, when congratulated on the throngs and acclamations of the people in his honor, replied, "There would be still more if they were going to hang me." Mirabeau said, "The distance is short between the Capitol and the Tarpeian rock," and many of his generation in France found it so. Carlyle gave the thought especial application to voting, and after telling how England thought "Paradise Lost" was worth five pounds, and Judæa that Jesus deserved "death on the gallows," added: "The mass of men consulted at hustings upon any high matter whatsoever, is as ugly an exhibition of stupidity as this world sees." Elsewhere he says more grimly, "If of ten men nine are recognizable as fools—which is a common calculation—how in the name of wonder will you ever get a ballot-box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of those ten men?" In another volume, Carlyle likens extension of the suffrage to "unstrapping the devil," and makes high sport of the democratic doctrine of equality, which proclaims "any man equal to any other," "Judas Iscariot to Jesus Christ, and Bedlam and Gehenna equal to the New Jerusalem." It is evident that our popular proverb is not quite correct.

But with certain limitations it can be kept. The heart of the people is generally right, and the chief trouble is with its head. When heads are empty, we can not expect them to decide intellectual questions wisely; and when they are filled with prejudices by priests and demagogues, we can not expect them to decide moral questions wisely. It is natural that the masses should commit great wrongs and barbarities. But the very conscientiousness and earnestness with which they do this, is itself a divine voice, and even their brutal acts are often a passionate cry for justice, and are heard and heeded better than the wiser words of statesmen. And there is often a deeper wisdom in the mad cry of the popular heart, than in the heads of statesmen and philosophers.

Even with all their follies, the people have often proved their power to govern well. To Macaulay's statement that five or six hundred men tend to become a mob, Prof. Freeman replied, "The supreme executive council of Athens was a mob, not merely of five or six hundred, but of five or six thousand, conceivably of from twenty to thirty thousand," and yet "this mob made one of the best governments which the world ever saw." That kind of success does indeed show the need of intelligence, and Prof. Freeman goes so far as to say, "we suspect that the average Athenian citizen was, in political intelligence, above the average English member of Parliament." But much less intelligent people can be trusted, and England has been helped by that extension of the suffrage which Carlyle denounced as "unstrapping the devil." A century of American history, too, has approved popular government, in spite of the shoals of ignorant immigrants who have invaded us and been given votes before they could hardly read them. The fiercely contending parties have ev helped us by checking and correcti each other, and have both given noble administrations. And to-da all parties, though apparently so h tile to each other, have generally common wish for the national w fare, and differ mainly in questions method. Even the contentions a wild excitement over men at conve tions, are a thing to smile at rath than mourn over. Ten thousand d tinguished persons shouting a swinging umbrellas twenty-five m utes, may show an exercise exactly spiritual, and still less int lectual. But it is very huma and is only our American expr sion of that honor and loya which our ancestors gave to kin For though we claim to have o grown such sentiments, we have and never shall, and even socialis adore their leaders as feudal peasa did their lords. Nor need we f that we shall have any very bad c didates for great offices, or dread ve deeply the administration of any the parties. They will watch ea other's corruptions, and if they come too corrupt, will be swept aw by a purer party. Whenever a gr moral issue shall come again, poli cians will be pushed aside, and t people will rise with resistless pow as they did to defend the Union a free the slaves. The heart of o nation is just, its head is growi more intelligent, and more and m the voice of the people will beco the voice of God.

H. M. S.

Men and Things.

DR. ALEXANDER SCHADENBERG, a bo nist, recently discovered the largest flo on record in the Philippine Islands. It nearly a yard in diameter and weigh more than twenty-two pounds.

THE chair in which Thomas Jefferson while writing the Declaration of Indepe ence is now owned by the Philosophi Society, Philadelphia. It is reported t it will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE, who left comfortable home in England to nurse lepers on the Island of Molokai, is now San Francisco with her husband, Dr. L to whom she was married about a year a She has left the Sandwich Islands perm nently and will remain in San Francisco.

W. T. STEAD, the former editor of *Pall Mall Gazette*, has on foot an enterpr for the translation of the scriptures "i the language of the ordinary man a woman of our own time." He has eighte translators at work on the New Testame divided into groups of three or four, and expects to publish the Gospels and Acts t year.

COLONEL HIGGINSON writes in *Harpe Bazar* that the two books oftenest found the homes of English peasants—after Bible and Pilgrim's Progress—are the wo of Americans: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Wide, Wide World." He says these read until they are worn out, while very names of Scott and Dickens are known.

THE *Christian Union* tells of an Engl missionary at Mingpo, who says that never heard a missionary speak to a Chin congregation without some reference to opium habit: "Often and often have I be interrupted by the sneer, 'Who brings opium?' 'Do not mention that name agai indignantly cried an old Chinese woma an eager listener in the crowd—to preacher from whose lips had just fallen blessed name of Christ. 'Do not menti that name again. I hate Jesus; I will hear another word. You foreigners bri opium in one hand and Jesus in the other!

A NOTABLE recent event in religious c cles was the appearance of the oldest pion minister of Chicago, in the First Method pulpit, Rev. Stephen R. Beggs, or "Fath Beggs," as he is affectionately called. Fath Beggs's time dates back to the era when only light afforded our streets at night from the lightning-bugs, and when the m convenient resting-place for the itinerary was old Fort Dearborn, store classic remembrance. His account early experiences, made happy in hardship by a young and beautiful graphically and humorously told. important requirements in those da minister were "a body that could re man's bed and a stomach that co any woman's cooking."

Contributed and Selected.

Afternoon.

l, sunny hours across the orchard creep,
ısured by lengthening shadows on the grass,
soft notes falling rarely on the warm
:et air. By the still patience in the hearts
brooding mother birds, whose bright eyes look,
tchful from every shadowy green recess,
ng round with rosy blossoms, fastnesses
arged by the armed bee in eager quest;
e guarled trees lift their weight of pearly bloom
the blue sky serenely bending down,
e while the sun a golden wine distils,
er all the blossoming landscape, far and near;
ll the old earth, its pulses thrilled with life,
oats joyous through the starry depths of even,
aring the gems of spring upon its breast.

ALICE GORDON.

Hamilton, Ill.
19

Rev. Dr. Briggs and Church Unity.

Prof. Charles A Briggs, of New ork, who has of late risen to wide me in connection with some views e has expressed in regard to the in- rpretation of the Bible, involving mewhat the question of authority, c., recently addressed the Social resbyterian Club of Central New ork, in this city. There was a rge and brilliant attendance made p mainly from Presbyterians, as the terest in hearing this Professor, w since he is under arraignment r heresy, and is believed to enter- in views more radical and presuma- y more broad and progressive than e held by his denomination, gener- ly, was very wide and pronounced. would seem that the doctor gave is consent to appear here, before the eeting of the General Assembly for his year was held, and therefore ithout the anticipation that he ight be placed in the position he is, relation to the judicatory which is ow charged with the duty of trying im. He therefore appeared with me reluctance and announced at ie outset that since the meeting at ortland, he had felt it well advised r him not to speak, and while on ie Pacific coast he abstained even om offering prayer in public. But s he was pledged, he had come, and as much pleased to meet so cordial a reeting here.

The theme upon which he spoke as in part Church Unity, but more articularly Unity in the Presby- erian church. There were noble otes of Protestantism in the dis- ourse, but the utterance was careful nd guarded. He insisted that unity as not based in, could not be built on niformity, but there must be some ieasure of individuality, of difference nd variety—otherwise unity in any ue sense were not possible. He ave a succinct account of the history f the Presbyterian church, and howed how the attempt to maintain, o compel uniformity in doctrine and elief, to repress the spirit of freedom, ad been the bane and the sore calamity f the church in this country almost om the earliest years of its existence. he right must be recognized to tudy, to think, and the unity must onsist with a measure of diversity, f liberty both in respect to belief and o usage, in the various branches of hat church body.

But the professor was vague and ndefined in respect to the range of uch freedom, the extent to which iberty in thought and action might o. Inferentially, and to some ex- ent expressly, he conveyed that this ariety or diversity must be within he limits of the church standards, ertainly the Christian, as recognized n the churches. Jesus Christ the head, the master, the finality for the soul, and the Bible the text-book, the standard — this in part was said, where not said, seemed to be carried in implication. What if in exercise of the sacred right the soul has to study, to think, the result of that study and thought should carry the mind beyond all outer and historic as ultimate and absolute, beyond Jesus as the recognized Master and supreme authority, beyond Bible, or Church, or Christianity, as finality and great corner-stone for faith and norm for practice—then would such an inquirer, albeit his standard were in the realm of the ideal-perfect, be permitted to have membership or fellowship in church, so catholic and liberal as Dr. Briggs would gladly see it to-day? If not, then we opine his doctrine of Unity with its affirmation of imperative necessity that there be variety, is not broad enough to allow the free following of the sacred prerogatives of study, of thought.

One who should have arrived legitimately and to his own conviction inevitably at the conclusion hinted above, affirming a master higher than Christ, an authority greater than Bible, a standard more, infinitely more than any book or person—one before which all other falls subordinate wholly, nay, pales and fades into comparative insignificance — holding all the written Scripture but a fragment of the illimitable volume of Truth, all Bibles, books unequivocally of human origin, and partaking of the limitations of the men that wrote them, would, if in the Presbyterian church, doubtless be treated with short shrift at the hands of the New York or any other Presbytery in the communion of that church.

And yet the right to think, sacred birthright of every individual, would legitimately cover all this field of inquiry, would authorize, nay require that the mind should go to the exploration of all the bases of authority, to search what the highest arbiter for man in matters of faith and of duty. Jesus Christ, Bible, Church, all must be submitted to the adjudication of the supreme tribunal, resplendent with the majesty of the eternal presence, set up in the human bosom.

The protest therefore, is not broad or radical; of itself it does not carry far, and by logical necessity it must go on farther, or else waver, shrink back and retreat. But it is earnest, and so has a vital import, a mission that it will certainly fulfill. Partial as it is, and needing to be supplemented and filled out from elements little seen or accepted at present, it is of a kind that we find all along in religious, and even in almost all intellectual history. It appeared in the sixteenth century in the contention of Luther, which signally incomplete, and in respect to the fundamental question of authority, very superficial, was yet sincere, strong, and world-wide in effect. It appeared not far from the same time in another circle, in the agitation and discussions that arose touching scholasticism, its basis, and claim. A class of reformers in that day were urgent that return be made to the actual words and inculcations of the Master, planting carefully on his declarations alone as finality in science, in philosophy. It has occurred among the Unitarians in our own time. It doubtless will be tried, and perhaps many times yet among the orthodox denominations. "A great secret it is," says Lord Bacon, "both in Nature and the State, that it is safer to change many things than one thing." A protestant must follow his principle whither it legitimately leads; to refuse, to falter, is hampering, and in the end will be fatal.

These things that we now all see are signs for hope; they are symptoms of growth; are approximations, rather beginnings; they are not realizations. Their promise we welcome. They give indications that there is life in what seemed the dead wood. There are fresh shoots springing to view, uttering prophecy of leaf and fruitage.

Protestantism has one appointed destiny, clear and inevitable—to work ever towards the mark of perfect intellectual and spiritual liberty; to emancipation from all outer authority, from worship of book or person, institution or symbol, to recognition of the claim of the inner consciousness alone, the sacred shrine of reason, as the standard to which the soul owes its supreme allegiance. That, even among its progressive thinkers, as a rule, it does not yet see, does not accept, but to it as the sure and fated goal, it must, whether willing or not, come. In the light of that broader, larger day, many things that are not now clear, will be plain. The aim, the result, will be not a Presbyterian unity, gathered with whatever latitude allowed for private judgment, yet with the thought hampered, bound, fixed to the cardinal doctrines of Calvin, or the declaration of the Westminster divines, or even resting in belief in Bible as the supreme and authoritative rule for faith and practice. It will not be the unity of churches evangelical, whether called by one or another name, planting on Jesus, reposing in Christianity as the sole and infinite foundation whereon alone all must be built, the absolute standard, the finality for belief, for thought, for conduct. It will be unity of the Church universal, Church of Humanity, greater than any or all dispensations of religion, worshiping at a shrine higher than aught historic, embracing in its communion and warm clasping fellowship every sincere thinker, every earnest doer, whatever his name or faith, for Heaven's truth and the service of man.

The law of life is growth. Advance, or perish, is the stern mandate upon all. There are organisms that become too rigid to adjust themselves to their environment. Nature has sharp and peremptory methods of dealing with such. "By proceeding," says Saadi to his companions on the march for Mecca, "we escape, and if we sleep, we die." The Presbyterian church will find that it must go on at whatever cost of breaking up old established creeds and leaving behind cherished but now antiquated beliefs, shattering the idols, or else take the penalty imposed for stationariness and retrogression in this moving, busy and advancing world. The attitude of that church was felicitously described by Rev. Dr. Parkhurst in the figure of a splendid equipment for travel and all desired accomplishment upon the road in speed and transport, vehicle, harness, driver, outfit perfect, but the horse unable with whatever application of stimulus to make one step forward, since he remains fast hitched to the post. So must it ever be until the snap is sprung and the chain that binds the noble steed at the bit taken away.

Dr. Briggs is a valuable protestant, and every lover of truth, every right-minded man and woman, will wish him all courage, clearness of perception, every furtherance and success. He is bearing a testimony of high worth, and destined to have signal effect and freedom. His protest is for the rights of the intellect. It will be heard, followed, and honored in being obeyed beyond the bound in which it is at present held. It is and is to be his mission to liberalize, broaden, and if such a result be possible, enfranchise the membership in this old, conservative, and hitherto creed-bound and seemingly fossilized body, the Presbyterian Church of America. May the Doctor have the independence to follow the leadings of the light that shall come to him, and witness his confession with the intrepidity and inflexible resolve of a brave apostle and willing martyr in the cause to which he has dedicated his strength.

The result in thought to those who come under the influence of this enlargement and liberation, is not in the least degree doubtful. It will bear them to conclusions far larger, wider, more radical, and sweeping in effect, than aught thus far proclaimed by this learned and eloquent divine. Not the less for this, do we honor the manliness, the courage, the faithfulness, that has articulated thus far the protest for freedom and the inviolable rights of the mind.

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Church Door Pulpit.

The Ethics of George Eliot's Stories.

By Mrs. Miriam Landsberg. Read before the Unity Club, Rochester, N. Y.

In George Eliot's works we are particularly impressed with the sadness that pervades them all.

While at once interested in her characters so wonderfully true to life, we realize that her stories are not written merely to amuse and pleasantly to while away an hour, but for a definite purpose. This purpose is, to teach, to preach a moral lesson with the same earnestness as, and often with more force than, the minister does from his pulpit. We are impressed on every page of her works that she felt it to be her mission to pronounce the ethical principles which formed the foundation of her whole being, and she had the great happiness that through her works she could speak to millions of men and women, and to become to them a blessed influence for good. Frederic Harrison recognizes this feature of her writings. He says: "Amongst the founders of modern romance she stands apart from all by a deeper quality of her own, and by virtue of her spiritual conception of her art she points the way to a type far greater than she reached herself, even greater than any which has gone before." The same writer compares Romola to Beethoven's Fidelio. While calling Fidelio one of the highest works of art, he adds: "But it leaves you gloomy, it is too solemn. I go home purified and thrilled by a noble work of art, resounding with high moral purpose, but a little lowered in nervous vitality, something of the kind I feel when I read Romola."

What, then, is the main lesson she wishes to teach? (1) Fidelity to duty under all circumstances, however difficult it may become. (2) Perfect truthfulness in our thoughts, as in our dealings with others. In all her works she shows the misery which is the inevitable consequence of not living up to these principles. The sum of her ethical teachings is in a few words stated in this quotation from Romola: "That life is the highest, which is a conscious, voluntary sacrifice. The ethics of George Eliot are the result of the stern experiences of her life, and the moral teaching of her writings can not be properly appreciated without some knowledge of these experiences. When she began to write her novels, she was no longer young, but had gone through a severe training in the school of life.

Marian Evans was born in the year 1819. Her parents were strict members of the Episcopal church, but she was sent to boarding school to two Baptist ladies. There she became enthusiastically religious and, although she never joined the Baptist church, she was a leader in all prayer meetings and mission bands. She had a brother whom she loved intensely, and, when coming home from boarding school with her new religious ideas, it was her first grief to find her brother developed into a strong High Church member, whereby they became almost estranged from each other. After the death of her mother and the marriage of an elder sister she lived with her father until 1841, when she became acquainted with Mr. Bray, a ribbon manufacturer, who had written "The Philosophy of Necessity." His wife was the sister of Mr. Hennell, the author of "An Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity." This book and the associations with the Brays influenced Miss Evans so that her religious ideas were completely changed. Shortly after she translated Straus's "Life of Jesus," and also Spinoza's "Ethics." By degrees she lost faith in one doctrine of the Church after another, and, being too conscientious to act against the conviction of her heart, she candidly told her father that she could not go to church with him any more. What combats and inward struggles it must have cost this young girl to cut herself loose from all her cherished beliefs, before she came to the conclusion that she could not believe in them any more, and until she came to be at peace with herself about her new belief or unbelief! Then began the struggle with the outer world. Her father felt so unhappy about her changed views, that he wanted to break up housekeeping, and to live with his married daughter. Finally, however, he consented to stay. He was very sickly through the last years of his life, and his daughter Marian nursed him with self-sacrificing love. After her father's death in 1851, at the age of thirty-two her real spiritual life began. At that time she became a member of the household of Mr. Chapman, the chief editor of the Westminster *Review*, and was made associate-editor. Here she came in contact with the best minds of her time, with Bulwer and Dickens, with Harriet Martineau and Herbert Spencer, and, through the latter, with her future husband, George Lewes. She was at this time very much in the company of Herbert Spencer, she was in the habit of going with him to concerts, operas, picture galleries and libraries. This intimate intercourse with the eminent philosopher did not fail to influence her very largely so that, from being an adherent of Comte's positivism, her views were gradually transformed into those held by Spencer. She now began to have a clear conception that man's mission on earth is to do his duty, to do the greatest amount of good in this world and not to speculate on what will be hereafter.

When she met Mr. Lewes first, she was not very favorably impressed with him. In one of her letters she calls him "the little Mirabeau." But Lewes was at this time a very unhappy man; he had an utterly worthless wife with whom he could not live, and three young sons to take care of. He was a man of high genius, and the more Miss Evans was in his company, the more she learned to esteem and to pity him. Lewes evidently loved her very much. Writing about Herbert Spencer, he says: "My acquaintance with him was the brightest ray in a very dreary, wasted period of my life. I owe Spencer a great debt. It was through him that I learned to know Marian; to know her was to love her; and since then my life has been a new birth; to her I owe all my prosperity and all my happiness. God bless her!" George Eliot believed that she saw the path of duty clearly before her when she entered into a union with this lonely and unhappy man. Very often she affirms afterwards in her letters that she is not sorry for what she has done; and she certainly learned to love him more and more in the years to come, for she gives expression to her feelings for him in dedicating every one of her novels to him in the most endearing terms. But it must have been very hard for this proud and sensitive woman to feel that her position required a constant apology by those friends who still clung to her, and that a great many of those who were her dearest, like her own sister and brother, became entirely estranged from her. She grew very bitter against the world, and writes at one time, "We will have no more friends, only acquaintances."

It was through Lewes that she was induced to write in the form of novels under the nom-de-plume of "George Eliot;" and it is as if she wished to vindicate herself in the eyes of the world, that her first book in the series of the "Scenes from Clerical Life," is the sweet and simple story of "Amos Barton," where she teaches the great lesson of the sacredness of married life. Such a person as the Countess Gerlusky can do no harm, no matter how it may appear to outsiders and how much scandal the idle gossips talk. The gentle wife Milly does not for one moment dream of jealousy or mistrust her husband; she believes in her husband as she does in herself, and the husband is so true to his wife even in his thoughts that he does not understand what people mean by their hints and why he loses their friendship. Yet we are taught another lesson by the example of poor Mr. Barton who, as we have said, certainly loved his wife dearly, but never realized what a blessing she was to him, and how often he was cold and unresponsive to her most self-sacrificing love, until after her death. Then the magnitude of his loss overwhelms him, and he throws himself upon her grave and cries out in frantic grief: "Milly, Milly, dost thou hear me? I did not love thee enough, I was not tender enough to thee, but I think of it all now." Is not this a lesson every one may take to heart, that we rarely appreciate our dear ones until we have lost them forever? Washington Irving, in the "Sketch Book," in "Rural Funerals," gives expression to the same sentiment in the most beautiful words. Also the German poet Freiligrath sings:

"Oh! love while love is left to thee,
Oh! love while love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'lt mourn by silent graves, alone."

The third lesson this story teaches is the favorite doctrine of the author, —the duty of sacrificing our own happiness to the stern demand of duty. The mother on her deathbed had said to her ten-year-old daughter: "Patty, I am going away from you; love your papa, comfort him, and take care of your little brothers and sisters. God will help you." Patty had quietly said, "Yes, mamma!" and she remained so true to her word that we find her, at the end of the book, a girl of about thirty years old, with premature lines around her mouth and eyes which told of early anxiety; but she was the sunshine of her father's life, and had educated all her brothers and sisters and enabled them to become happy and useful men and women.

George Eliot's next story, "Adam Bede," is perhaps the best she has ever written. It teaches so much of what is true and good that it is very hard to point out *all* the moral truth contained in it. The author may certainly be called a realistic writer, for every one of her characters, especially in Adam Bede, is such as you might daily meet in ordinary life. And not like Dickens does she exaggerate the pecularities of her characters, but their speech and action are perfectly natural. Even Mrs. Poyser, who has the most pointed characteristics, talks just as a very energetic farmer's wife would. She is a perfect type, and her homely sayings are so true that some critics claimed George Eliot had put old proverbs into Mrs. Poyser's mouth, so that in a letter she begs of her publisher, Mr. Blackwood, to write in his *Review* a denial of this assertion, for every word she let Mrs. Poyser utter was perfectly original. It must have been very gratifying to her that, only a year after the publication of "Adam Bede," Mrs. Poyser's sayings were quoted in the House of Commons. So George Eliot was unquestionably a realistic writer, but in how different a manner from those of the present day does she point out her morals! Who would like to give Ibsen, Zo Tolstoi and similiar writers, to sons and daughters to read, in or to teach them the terrible con quences of violating the laws morality and virtue? We sho certainly fear that these books wo do them a great deal more harm th good. But how perfectly unquesti able is the method of George Eli In the characters of "Hetty S rel and Arthur Donnithorne" teaches us the same lesson th writers do, but, with all her reali and truth to nature, she gives good and wholesome reading. Het a very pretty girl, is pictured to as utterly selfish, loving no one herself; she flirts with Arthur, first from vanity, because a gen man so far above her own station life pays attention to her; farther after he had given her the present pretty earrings, she thinks of all the dresses and trinkets she will get wh Arthur marries her; and so she g thoughtlessly to her destructi This story is probably true of m girls who come to ruin in real li Contrast with this realistic picture life, the idealistic figure of Goeth Gretchen, who sins from pure l and innocence. It would be int esting to continue the parallel, we can only intimate that both their child to hide their shame, b have to suffer the consequences their crime. But while Gretch pays for it with her life and, purif by her sufferings on earth, is rep sented as a sainted spirit, Hetty suffered also, but in a different w She is hardened by her misfortu and when Dinah approaches her w her angelic pity, stays with her in p on, weeps with her and prays for h she indeed at last confesses her cri but only for her own sake, beca Dinah has promised her God's f giveness, if she would speak truth. There is nothing idealis about poor Hetty; her sufferings rible as undoubtedly they were, of a materialistic, so to say, physi nature, and if she could by a chance have been restored to former position in life amongst friends, if she could have marri Adam Bede, we might imagine as having forgotten even her crime child-murder. Therefore George El properly has her death-senter changed into deportation to Colonies, where we may think of as leading a contented, even if no happy life.

A still more forcible lesson is ill trated by Arthur Donnithorne, a t ical young Englishman, frank, right and genial, but thoughtle He flirts with the pretty farmer's g because she is pretty, and so willi to be flirted with. Had he known Adam Bede's attachment for Het he would not have thought of maki love to her; and when he feels t he is on the point of doing wrong, forms the best resolutions; he avoid meeting Hetty again; he will e guard himself entirely against furt temptation by riding over to his c sin, the rector, and telling him about it. But the rector is unfor nately preoccupied, and does notice that Arthur comes to him advice, and has a confession to ma So the auspicious moment goes Arthur quiets his conscience by p suading himself that he made much of a trifle, that he needs guard, and is strong enough to re temptation unaided. But he decei himself. He yields to his lower stincts. After the irreparable ha is done, the fruit of sin is natura another sin, for when Adam Bede ask him, on his honor, what was his tion to Hetty, this young man only a short time before, would indignantly denied that he co guilty of a deliberate untruth, tell his friend, Adam Bede,

ight falsehood. He says he had nly an innocent flirtation with Hetty, nd as he intended to go away the ext day, she would soon forget him. How much this falsehood must have owered him in his own estimation! But a young man is easily inclined to alm his conscience about such mat-ers. He honestly hopes that Hetty will forget him and become a loving and faithful wife to Adam Bede; he promises himself that he will do all in his power to promote Adam's happiness; that he will be a good landlord to him when, at his grandfather's death, he shall come into possession of the estate, and so make all possible reparation to him and Hetty for the wrong he has done them. But lo, what terrible fruit bore the deed, which he thought could be so easily repaired! Called home by the death of his grandfather, only a few months later to be the Squire, how different was the reality from what he had supposed! He had always pictured to himself what an excellent Squire he would be, what an ideal landlord, how he would build model cottages for his tenants, how justice and leniency would mark his administration, and how he would live in the midst of those honest country people, loved and respected by all. Instead of all this, he finds the girl he has led astray, accused and condemned for the murder of her child; the happy home of the Poysers broken up; his friend, Adam Bede, crushed by this misery, and loathing Arthur's name as the cause of all their misfortune. *These* were the horrible consequences of being untrue to his better self. After Hetty is pardoned and transported, Arthur begs of the Poysers and Adam to stay in their native village; *he* will go away, and not act as their landlord. And so he goes back to the army, a voluntary exile, to lead a solitary and restless life, till, after many years of banishment, his youthful crime was at last expiated. After Adam has long been married to Dinah, Arthur at last returns to realize the dream of his youth, to be a beloved and respected landlord to his people. We particularly admire George Eliot for meting out the punishment for disobeying the laws of morality with equal impartiality to men as to women, The man has to bear the odium of his actions and loses the respect of his neighbors fully as much as the woman, nay, in this case more so; because Arthur has the higher intellect and the greater refinement, therefore his punishment is more intense and of longer duration.

A lesson of a different kind is taught by the story, "The Mill on the Floss." It is a story of the author's own life, that is, of her inner life, the life of her soul, rather than a true representation of actual occurrences. She teaches us, in this solemn and tragic story of every-day life, the hard lesson that we have to be faithful to, our duty under *all* circumstances, even if it costs us our life's happiness. It is easy and glorious to die the death of a martyr for our conviction, to give up our heart's blood on the battlefield for our country; but to live a life of heroism under the most trivial and commonplace surroundings, where nobody ever dreams of giving you credit for your constant sacrifice, that is real martyrdom. Maggie, the impetuous, intellectual and high-minded girl, so far superior to her narrow surroundings, has from her earliest youth to live up to "what will people say?" A piece of realism from Marion Evans's own life, whose mother's family is represented by the Dodson family, with whom family traditions and customs were all powerful. Her adored brother, Tom, is a rather selfish boy, who dreams constantly of the lovely life he will lead when school days are past, when he will ride around the country on his father's horse, and indulge in manly sports. But these day-dreams come to a sudden end, when the terrible crash comes. The father, unfortunately too fond of litigation, has lost his law suit, and consequently becomes insolvent. In a rural community like St. Oggs, the failure of a man to pay his debts is considered a crime stamped with the same odium as the deed of the thief who has stolen the money of his friends; and through this failure he and his family lose all standing in the community. It now becomes the duty of these two young people, Tom and Maggie, to redeem the name of their father, to slave for it from morning to night and from one end of the year to the other. The whole story is terribly true. It is particularly depressing, because there is not one gladdening and cheering thought in the book, but it breathes mere dull resignation.. It is the working of the stern and severe school of life which we witness, teaching the lesson of duty, honesty and resignation.

This story more than any of her others reflects George Eliot's own nature, which Mr. Myers in the *Contemporary Review* expresses in the following manner: "I remember how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinty, on an evening of rainy May, and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men, the words, *God*, *Immortality*, *Duty*, pronounced with terrible earnestness. How unconceivable was the first, how unbelievable was the second, and yet how peremptory and absolute the third. Never perhaps had sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned to me like a Sybil's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fate." This is exactly the sensation we have after reading "The Mill on the Floss" The same lesson of resignation is repeated in "Middlemarch" in a different manner.

In pleasing contrast with these so very pessimistic stories is the story of "Silas Marner" the weaver, which has a distinctly optimistic tendency, and teaches the lesson that, even when we believe we have a right to mistrust the whole world because we have been deceived and misjudged by our fellowmen, yet if we only allow pure love to enter our heart, even the love of a little child will fill it with so much sunshine that all our surroundings will have a changed aspect for us, and we shall realize that not all the world is wicked, but, on the contrary, that the majority of our neighbors have a kind heart and will gladly befriend us, if we do not frighten them away by our own peculiarities and unfriendly actions. This is exemplified by the simple story of Silas Marner, who had been accused of theft, while the real thief was a man whom he had considered his best friend, in whom he had trusted implicitly. Both men belonged to a religious community, which was so pious that they thought it wrong to bring any case before a human judge; and so it was decided by lot which of the two suspected men was guilty, and Silas drew the unfortunate number. He had to leave the religious brotherhood, an outcast, despairing alike of the justice of God and man. He moved away from the manufacturing town where he had lived until now, and settled in a rural district, taking his loom with him. He worked from morning till night, allowing no one to come near his cottage; and as he had few wants, his savings grew very rapidly. Now, as man has to love something, and as Silas Marner had no love for God or man, he came to love, first, his work, and then the shining gold that work could gain for him. One day he came home and found that his cherished gold was stolen. This almost crazed poor Silas. He lived on in a dazed kind of way, always hoping to find his lost gold. One New Year's eve a poor, forsaken woman was found dead before Silas's door, and her little baby girl found her way to Silas's warm hearth. She had such golden hair that the poor man thought for a moment in the dim twilight that his gold had come back to him, but when he touched it he felt the soft curls of the child. Instantly his heart went out to the innocent babe; and through the care and love for this child he learned to appreciate the kindness of his neighbors, who came with advice as well as with assistance to help take care of the little waif. Of course the little girl grew up in tender affection for her adopted father and became the means of reconciling him with his God and fellowmen. The story of Silas Marner is one of the prettiest of the novels of George Eliot, because it is written in the simple and natural style of her very earliest books, like Amos Barton for instance.

Entirely unlike these is "Daniel Deronda" in which all the conditions are exceptional. In this book there are two distinct stories, only one of which seems to teach a moral lesson, though beautiful moral sentiments are certainly expressed all through the book. From the Jewish part of the story I can only derive a lesson which George Eliot never meant to teach; it is, that we must not judge a large number of people by the few who happen to come under our observation. In the two characters, Deronda and Mordecai, George Eliot is said to have given expression to her admiration for that most philanthropic and excellent man, Sir Moses Montefiore, who certainly did a great deal for the poor and downtrodden amongst the Jews of his time. But he was a man who lived to be a hundred years old, and therefore belonged in his religious ideas to the last century. He observed strictly the dietary laws, and believed that some day the Jews would again become a nation and live under a king of their own in Palestine. Now to take the views of such a man as a true expression of the belief of all the higher and better class of the Jews of to-day is just as correct as if one should take any great Christian philanthropist, who believes in "election by grace" and in the damnation of unbaptized infants, as a type of the belief of all the best Christians of the nineteenth century. Mordecai might have been a power for good, if he had used his influence to instil some idealism into the rather materialistic views of his co-religionists in England. He found all the cardinal virtues there; honesty, industry, sobriety, and a model family life. It always seemed to me that he might have taught little Jacob Cohen, who clung to him with such love and veneration, that it is not the highest ideal of life to see with Yankee-like shrewdness when there is a good bargain to be made

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It is peculiar that the author shows us in Daniel Deronda, as well as in Romola, at the beginning of the story, the sad and terrible ending in a picture. Gwendolen sees a picture which was hidden in the panelling of the wall, the picture of an upturned dead face from which an obscure figure seems to be fleeing with outstretched arms; and again in Romola, Piero shows Tito the portrait of himself exuberant with joy, holding a winecup in his hand, but his face turned away from the cup and expressing intense fear in the dilated eyes and pallid cheeks. In the feeling of guilt which haunts poor Gwendolen so terribly we have still another lesson, and that is, the sin of evil thoughts. We should keep strict watch over our thoughts, and shrink from evil thoughts as much as from evil deeds.

Now to come to "Romola." This book is very different from any other of George Eliot's novels. Not only is the time of action laid several centuries ago, but it has a different mission from any of her former books. It is an historical novel to some extent, and it gives us a vivid conception of the moral and religious teachings and sentiments of the Renaissance period of art and culture, and of how much that great man, Savonarola, did to save the Church and its adherents from the utter immorality and rottenness in which he found it. Romola shows better than any other of her works the wealth of George Eliot's knowledge; and we know from her letters that she worked for several years incessantly at gathering facts for her story in old monasteries and libraries. In consequence of these assiduous labors the work is a masterpiece in more than one respect, and we find moral and ethical teachings on nearly every page, and every character represented teaches a lesson of his own.

Yet what is the main teaching of the book? It seems to me that it is depicted in the character of Tito Melema, the handsome Greek—the man who is not originally bad, but rather loves the good because sin is ugly, and he loves everything that is beautiful. But he is too indolent to make an effort to be good; and as one untruth in word or action makes the next one almost a necessity, Tito, whom we at first almost pity for entangling himself in this web of falsehood, sinks lower and lower, until finally he is a monster of iniquity. His main fault is utter selfishness. He only thinks of the consequences to himself of his actions, and if he could have saved his father without sacrificing his own pleasure and well-being in Florence, he would much rather have done it. But the author wants to teach us that we are not meant to live a selfish life, but can only be truly happy in this world when we fulfill our duty to our fellowmen, when we consider their comfort as well as our own. A life of falsehood can never yield happiness. Sooner or later the just punishment will reach us, even in this world. This is the lesson which strikes us at once in reading Romola for the first time.

But the character of Romola herself certainly gives us food for reflection, and we ask ourselves, "Does the author want to give us in Romola the type of a perfect woman?" Should we all profit by following her example? I think not. Romola seems to me the type of a high-minded, chaste and intellectual woman, but not the type of a loving wife. With such a husband, most people say, that is not to be wondered at; her love for him would, indeed, have had to be very strong, if it could overcome the feeling of scorn and contempt, his duplicity and cowardice must have aroused in her. But there in her mistake concerning Tito is another great lesson given to us: That young people should have a better knowledge of each other before entering into the marriage relation. George Eliot herself says: "A girl of eighteen imagines the feelings behind the face that has moved her with its sympathetic youth, as easily as primitive people imagined the humors of the gods in fair weather; what is she to believe in, if not in this vision woven from within?" It was unfortunate for Romola that she had no mother

wiser than herself, who would not have trusted to the handsome face and gentle manners alone, but would have inquired into Tito's former life, asked him about his own mother, about his home. The father knew almost as little of the world as Romola herself. He saw that Tito was a scholar; that was enough for him. Her uncle is depicted as a real man of the world, who believed that if a man were successful in life, and received by the best families in town, that constituted respectability and made him available as a husband for his pure and lovely niece. So Romola married, not the real Tito Melema, but an ideal man of her own imagination. She would have been disenchanted after her marriage, even if he had been a better man. Tito had no right to be disappointed in his wife, for she was from the first moment what she was ever after—a beautiful, proud woman with a superior mind, not a clinging, loving creature who would see the world only through his eyes. Would not, then, the loving devotion of innocent little Tessa and the highly developed moral and intellectual mind of Romola combined in one person, give a more perfect type of woman?

The next great character in the novel, Savonarola, is not only depicted with such wonderful skill that competent scholars recommend it as giving a truer picture of him than biographies of many volumes, but it also teaches an ethical lesson of the highest importance. Savonarola was unquestionably a great and good man. He believed in an Unseen Justice and Purity which would punish and purify the Church and its dignitaries. He was a great reformer; he believed himself to have the same mission as the Hebrew prophets of old—to tell the people what the consequences would be, if they did not change their ways. He believed himself to be inspired by God, and sent to Florence to fulfill a mission. But alas! Savonarola was, after all, only a mortal man with human weaknesses, and he fell a victim to his ambition. He thought the much needed reform could only be brought about by himself and his party; and there was the great mistake of his life—that he did not set the cause, for which he lived and worked, *above all parties*. Therefore, the lesson we learn from Savonarola's life is, that the good he did could never perish, that the cause he served was a just one and therefore was victorious, but that the man who identified himself with a party had to perish with that party. George Eliot herself expresses this very truly when she lets Savonarola exclaim: "The worst drop of bitterness can never be wrung on to our lips from without: the lowest depth of resignation is not to be found in martyrdom; it is only to be found when we have covered our heads in silence and felt, 'I am not worthy to be a martyr; the truth shall prosper, but not by me.'"

Two other stories still await our notice, "Felix Holt" and "Middlemarch." Each shows the same earnest purpose in our author, and each deals with special moral problems and teaches special moral lessons. But these, and also the noble story in verse, "The Spanish Gypsy," my long paper must pass by.

The ethical sentiments taught by George Eliot in *all* her writings are of the highest nature, and they can not fail to exert a lasting influence, not only on our own time, but for generations to come. Nothing was more offensive to her than religious cant, but she was equally far removed from thoughtless neglect of the highest questions which interest the spirit of men. We are very fortunate in possessing from her own pen the statement of the noblest ethical ideal which it is possible for men to reach, showing the most unselfish ambition. She believes in and wishes for immortality; but not that immortality for which so many long as a reward for a well-spent life, nor that which many dread as the punishment for their shortcomings and sins, but an immortality for which it is in the power of every one to live, to labor and which she beautifully describes in lines which seem to me to contain the sum and substance of all her moral teachings:

O, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven.
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven; be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense—
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

Notes from the Field.

The Colorado Divinity School.

This is the name of a new and unique enterprise in the region of the Rocky Mountain Conference of Liberal Christian churches. Rev. S. A. Eliot, to whom we are indebted for the printed prospectus, says in a private note, "It is certainly an interesting experiment in theological education, and an illustration of the growing spirit of Christian unity. These nine ministers are the leading representatives in Colorado of seven different denominations. No one denomination is strong enough to maintain a separate denominational school. The ministers are all men of strong convictions, but they are catholic-minded enough to recognize the fellowship of the spirit this works beneath the fellowship of the letter. They avail themselves of the co-operation of the State University to maintain theological teaching on a broad basis. 'Tis not likely that the school will be at once overwhelmed with students—but the experiment is no less unique and interesting."

The following constitute the faculty: From Denver — Rev. Kerr B. Tupper, D. D. Dean, Baptist, *Homiletics;* Rt. Rev. John F. Spalding, D. D., S. T. D., Episcopal, *Ecclesiastical History;* Very Rev. H. Martyn Hart, S. T. D., Episcopal, *Bibical Learning and Exegesis;* Rev. Wm. Bayard Craig, Christian, *Pastoral Care;* Rev. Myron W. Reed, Congregational, *Ethics of Social Reform;* Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Unitarian, *Comparative Religion;* Rev. Willard C. Selleck, Universalist, *History of Christian Doctrines;* Rev. Albert A. Pfanstiehl, Presbyterian, *Systematic Theology.* From Colorado Springs — Rev. Richard Montague, D. D., Baptist, *Philosophy of Religion.*

The first school year will begin September 7, 1892. Address correspondence to Rev. Frederick Kramer, Boulder, Col.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—A member of the society here writes, The program of our friends at this place for "vacation" as noted in these columns a few weeks since is being admirably carried out. The discourse of Mrs. A. O. Smith on the 17th ult. was an earnest appeal for "truth" in all things and everywhere, while Mrs. I. M. Turner on the Succeeding Sabbath more than sustained her reputation, both as a thinker and speaker. Her subject was a review of the "History of David Grieve," in which the lady took occasion to dissent somewhat from the views of the distinguished authoress of the work. Mrs. Turner was a delegate from Unity Church of Grand Rapids to the last Western Conference, held in this city. At the mid-week meeting held by our friends on the 20th, at the residence of Mrs. R. L. Andrew (which meeting by the way, was as successful as its predecessors) it was voted to discontinue lay services at the church during the month of August, but to continue the mid-week meetings. The last on the original program was held at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Rosenthal on the 27th, and was a well attended and happy gathering." The Sunday-school also closed the last of the month. Mr. R. A. Maynard will close the lay services at the church on the 31st, and from his well-known ability, the congregation there have reason to expect that his share of the work will be well done. The Sabbath-school will be closed during the month of August. Early in September the children will have their annual picnic.

Alton, Ill.—Rev. H. D. Stevens has resigned his pastorate at this place and accepted a call from the society at Menomonie, Wis., at a salary of $1,600 a year. The *Telegraph* of this place says, "In the removal of Mr. Stevens from our midst, Alton loses a citizen it can not well spare. He has been during his residence here, a fearless and outspoken champion in the cause of public morals; an efficient, tender and constant friend of the poor and needy, and a man whose efforts were fully enlisted for pure life everywhere, especially among the children. During our entire residence in Alton we have known no one more fully enlisted in every philanthropic cause than Mr. Stevens, and the *Telegraph*, with hosts of others, will deeply regret the removal of this good man from our midst."

Hartford, Conn.—The *Times* of this place publishes entire a discourse by Rev. C. F. Bradley, of Quincy, Ill., delivered in Unity church early in July. The subject was "Pure Christianity."

Notice.—Persons writing the former secretary of the Conference, Rev. J. R. Effinger, will please address him at 5551 Lexington avenue, if they wish their letters to receive prompt attention.

Headquarters.—Rev. J. O. M. Hewitt made us a brief call last Monday. He is continuing work in the pulpit at Sheffield, during vacation, and reports progress. Three new members joined the church two weeks ago.

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The Home.

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Sun.—All truths wait in all things.

Mon.—Speech is the twin of my vision, it is unequal to measure itself.

Tues.—He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width of my own.

Wed.—Nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is.

Thurs.—Whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral, drest in his shroud.

Fri.—There is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero.

Sat.—As to you, Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths.

—*Walt Whitman.*

A Mortifying Mistake.

I studied my tables over and over, and back-
ward and forward, too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and
I didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll and
not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for awhile,
you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I
thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a
perfectly horrid name,)
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four"
a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the
answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who al-
ways acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I
nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said,
"Now Dorothy, tell if you can,"
For I thought of my doll and—sakes alive—
I answered—"Mary Ann!"

—*Anna M. Pratt, in St. Nicholas.*

I Had a Dream.

One night I had a vivid dream which made such a strong impression that I felt impelled to write out some of it.

I seemed to be at a Sunday service in a country school-house and the minister read his text from an old Bible. Some one with me had a Revised Version and before the discourse began called the minister's attention to the fact that the text was not just the same; and then, instead of a sermon we had a discussion upon the infallibility of the Bible and we both grew quite warm in it. There were not many present, and most of those were children, and it suddenly occurred to me that this heated discussion about the book they were taught to worship as God's word was bad for them, so I turned away from the man, and said, "Boys and girls, *you* are Bibles, too, you are God's word, strive to have the pages of your lives true and pure, for God will speak through you to others."

As we went into the school-house there was a dense fog rolling up toward us. When we came out it had gone by and left the atmosphere clear and bright, and so it seemed as if my thought of the many Bibles, the many pages of God's word constantly unfolding before us had cleared the spiritual atmosphere of the place and we were all friends, children of the same Father, ready to go forth with His latest word and to proclaim it as we had opportunity through our lives, own deeds and words.

And I woke with this thought: We say the rocks, the flowers, all nature's beauties, the sea, the mountains, are all God's word to man, teaching of the ages that are past, and of His wonderful laws—and shall we not say too, that these little ones are His word as well? Nay, more, for they tell us more, their faces and their inflections tell of ages that are past, but pass by tell, too, with eyes and tender little caresses of hands and lips of the love of God as well as of His law. "Love is the fulfilling of the law."—*Helen G. Putnam.*

Judge Not.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Jack, running into the sitting-room where his mother was sewing, "Sidney is breaking a commandment; he is—'Thou shalt not steal'—and I should think he'd be ashamed of himself."

"Why, Jack," said his mother in surprise, "what can you mean?"

"He is, truly, mamma," said Jack, hopping about on one foot, and seeming rather to enjoy the fact. "I saw him getting sugar out of the sugar bowl, and you know you told us not to."

"O-h," said mamma, in a tone of relief, "that's it, is it? Come here, Jack," and taking her little boy's hand she drew him to her side. "Do you think it such a dreadful thing to break a commandment, dear?"

"Why, yes, mamma, of course," answered Jack, astonished that his mother should ask such a question.

"You would not do it?"

"No, indeed, mamma."

"Then you think you are very much better then Sidney?"

Jack hung his head at that question, but did not say no.

"Now, Jack, I want you to see how mistaken you are; you think you would not break a commandment, but because you are so able to believe evil of your brother, you are really breaking the command which says, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Do you know what that means, Jack?"

"Yes, mamma, you said it meant saying what was not true about anyone; but Sidney was stealing, for I saw him."

"He was taking sugar, Jack, but are you sure he was stealing?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and now I s'pose he's going away to eat it."

At that moment the door opened, Sidney came into the room, his bright, manly, little face not looking at all as though he was ashamed of himself.

"Here is the sugar for Dicky, mamma," he said slipping the lump between the wires of the cage, "and here is a letter for you. I saw the postman coming and waited a minute for him."

"Thank you, dear," said mamma, smiling at him; and then she turned and looked at Jack.—*Sunbeam.*

A Story of Squirrels.

In front of the telegraph office at Stockbridge, Mass., there is a large elm tree, which is the home of three red squirrels. A little girl who is employed in the office comes out a number of times a day and knocks on the trunk of the great tree, at the same time making a whirring noise as squirrels do. Instantly three squirrels come out of the tree, and running down the trunk, they take the nuts she has in her hand for them, and go up to a place where the branches divide. Then they sit upon the landing while they crack and eat them.

"Two of them are very tame," she told us, "but one is rather wild yet."

After the tame ones had been fed, she pointed up to one of the topmost boughs where the "wild one" sat, looking down so very wistfully. The little girl kept knocking with the nut and whirring like a squirrel. Soon the little creature timidly began to come down from its high tower, halting and debating every now and then as it came nearer and nearer to the uplifted nut. At last it made one quick bound, snatched the nut and was off to a place of safety again. The little girl told us they were going to put a squirrel house in the tree.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE

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SUGGESTIONS OF AN INDIVIDUAL IMMORTALITY BASED UPON OUR ORGANIC AND LIFE HISTORY.

BY C. T. STOCKWELL.

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"The analogies from embryology and cell life the writer has handled with entire discretion and due reserve, and with a force and penetration of argument which we have never seen surpassed. Dr. Stockwell is a spiritual thinker of fine grain, who has had a scientific education that has not robbed him of faith in the ideal. With a very few exceptions, not injurious to his argument, we have read with great pleasure and profit this singularly attractive essay."—*Unitarian Review.*

"Without entering into the details of Dr. Stockwell's argument, we commend his essay to thinking people as one of the most suggestive and best developed essays on personal immortality which later years have produced."—*Literary World.*

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